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Bok—Peace or Propaganda?

The Nation

Vol. CXVIII, No. 3052

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Wednesday, Jan. 2, 1924

So This Is Communism!

What It Means to Be One of the
Communist Rulers of Russia

by Louis Fischer

“Lucky Cal”

by William Hard

The Battle for Amnesty

The Story of a Great Fight for
Human Freedom

by Albert De Silver

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A Challenge to the Friends of Free Speech

¶ Another attempt to fasten a "sedition" act on the country is being made in this Congress, backed by reactionary organizations and the Department of Justice. The wholesale registration of aliens is planned as a means to government espionage and control, particularly of radicals. Reactionary forces determined to clamp the lid tighter on radical, militant labor—even liberal—movements are united as never before.

¶ Against this effort, the AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION is lining up the friends of free speech, not only to defeat these bills but to urge the repeal of present repressive federal laws—the post-office censorship section of the Espionage Act, still in force, and the provisions of the Immigration Act deporting aliens for mere beliefs.

¶ A more militant, country-wide campaign for free speech and against repression is under way. In addition to the Congressional job, the CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION is tackling the release of 114

political prisoners held in 7 state prisons for their expressed beliefs, convicted under criminal syndicalism and sedition laws; local free speech fights in a dozen cities; relief for the Virgin Islanders from naval rule; and a score of cases in the courts. These are in addition to the daily services of bail, legal aid and publicity to all persons and groups attacked for their views and beliefs.

¶ These heavy demands for service challenge the support of all friends of free speech. The resources of the CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION are taxed to the limit. More friends and more money are needed to handle the jobs in hand. The modest budget of \$19,000 on which the whole work is done, is short; a Special Fund of \$2,000 is needed to carry the extra load.

¶ Will Nation readers who are not yet contributors, please fill out and send in the coupon below?

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DEFENSE by a hypothesis—to that is the dictator of France reduced. To allay the fears of anxious French financiers desirous of ascertaining the meaning of the serious fall of the franc, the deft M. Poincaré assures them that if France had not taken the Ruhr "our money would be considerably more depreciated than it is and the cost of living increased even more than it has." But only last January he said that he had "no intention to carry out at the present time an operation of a military nature, nor an occupation of a military character. It is merely dispatching into the Ruhr a mission of engineers and officials whose object is clearly defined. . . ." Not a word then about safeguarding the franc, and not a word on March 29 when he assured the Chamber of Deputies that "we went into the Ruhr to get reparations and for no other reason." But the French public apparently forgets all this and much more; in its present state of mind, apparently, it would believe Poincaré if he should explain that the fall of the franc was due to the earthquake in Japan. Of course, in his speech he forgot to say that the franc stood at 7.42 cents just before the Ruhr invasion and that it stands at 5.06 today, a loss of a third in one year. He also forgot to point out that in October the Ruhr crime cost the French 109,000,000 francs and brought in only 79,000,000 francs—perhaps he would argue that this too had nothing to do with the fall of the franc.

GREECE has had another revolution, but it would be naive to assume that the Greeks of Greece were responsible for it. The newspaper correspondents send us

as inadequate dispatches as in 1917, when they described the action of French marines in expelling King Constantine as a "Greek revolution." The aloofness maintained by the wily Cretan, M. Venizelos, in Paris is not convincing, and the suggestion emanating from Athens that M. Venizelos's "angel," Sir Basil Zaharoff, might be made the first republican president, recalls the days when Sir Basil financed and Lloyd George urged the disastrous Greek advance into Asia Minor. To understand the "revolution" one will have to watch London and Paris as well as Athens.

REPRESENTATIVE Frear's proposal for a congressional investigation of the administration of Governor Leonard Wood in the Philippines is excellent, but it will be permanently useful only if it forces a definite statement of our policy and intentions toward the island. Mr. Frear calls attention to charges that General Wood has been using his power to repay the contributors to the enormous fund, some \$1,773,000, that was raised to get the Republican presidential nomination for General Wood in 1920, but it would be drawing a red herring over the trail to allow the investigation to narrow itself to an attack upon the present governor. America, it should not be forgotten, has promised independence to the Filipinos. Richard W. Oulahan, in his current dispatches to the *New York Times* from Manila, confirms the statements of Professor Maximo M. Kalaw of the University of the Philippines in his article in *The Nation* of December 5 that the natives are almost unanimous in their desire for independence. General Wood has perhaps served a useful purpose in bringing the fundamental issue of independence to a head—possibly we ought to decorate rather than belabor him.

HENRY FORD'S coming out for President Coolidge has mightily stirred the political dovescotes. It is variously held to insure Mr. Coolidge's nomination; to defeat Senator Johnson and to clear the road for him; to drive Senator La Follette out of the race and greatly to encourage his candidacy; it is a defeat for the liberals and a victory for them. You pays your money and you takes your choice. The only clear thing is that the politicians have now revealed how greatly they fear the candidacy of the richest man in the world. We want, however, to give them a word of warning: Henry Ford is as unaccountable as an earthquake or a volcano. It would be quite in keeping with his past if next week he should decide to run. He has been for and against war and peace and so many other things so many times that no one ought to wager a cent of money upon his staying put politically a week or a day. We rejoice, none the less, that he has spoken as he has, for he has now revealed himself to multitudes who thought him a champion aching to unhorse the powers of privilege and plunder. Instead of which the rebel West now learns that Mr. Ford is quite content with things as they are, will not return the profits he made out of the war, and is very ready to have business go on as usual under a thoroughgoing reactionary Republican Government. He has painted a bold, clear-cut picture of himself for all to study who care to see.

"KENNELS"—so Mr. Victor H. Lawn described in *The Nation* for December 19 the hovels in which New York City's poor are compelled to live. Governor Smith has just made public a preliminary report of a survey of nine typical blocks which gives a lurid statistical background to Mr. Lawn's picture. While factory wages have decreased in the past three years, rents have risen from 40 to 93 per cent, and the tenements rented have been slipping into worse and worse condition. "In general no repairing has been done for three years"—and where it has been done it brought doubled rents. Sanitary conditions have gone steadily downward. Every block studied showed examples of six people sleeping in two small rooms, both sexes forced to share rooms; bad plumbing, leaking pipes, rotting floors. "The tenant is worse off than ever in things affecting his very life and the health and welfare of his children," comments Governor Smith. We believe that a nation-wide survey would show such degeneration to be general. The cheering reports of building progress refer to high-priced homes; cheap dwellings are not being built. Private capital is not interested; the profit margin is too slight. Is it not plain that housing is as much a matter of public concern as schools, water supply, and sewage disposal?

THERE are two points that interest us especially in the furor that has developed over our proposed treaty with Turkey and the effort to prevent its ratification by the Senate. Speaking in behalf of those who oppose the treaty on the ground that it is unfavorable to the continuance of our religious, educational, and commercial effort, Oscar S. Straus complains that Americans would have only "the same rights in Turkey as the natives." That is all they ought to have. The attempts of powerful and "highly civilized" nations to get special privileges for their citizens in the less developed parts of the world is the foundation of modern imperialism and a most dangerous cause of war. It has led to the long train of aggression of which we have been guilty in Mexico and the Caribbean. Our citizens may rightly claim equality before the law wherever they go—and no more. If that is not sufficient guaranty, they should get out, at no matter what loss to our religious and educational effort—and our trade. The other point of especial interest is the retort by a State Department official that the critics don't know what they are talking about because they have never seen the text of the treaty. Well, why haven't they? To withhold the terms of the agreement from the public until all is over but the shouting is secret diplomacy at its worst. Let us have the proposed treaty with Turkey, Mr. Hughes, and while you are about it, give the public the proposed convention with Mexico as well.

OKLAHOMA citizens seem to possess an inordinate desire to help the Avenging Angel with his job. By their record of 2,000 whippings in a year they were recently in the news from Peking to Cape Town and from Punta Arenas to Nome. Their latest bid for publicity is the murder of a hotel proprietor who had the temerity to hire a Negro porter and then to refuse to turn him over to the first lynching party that came seeking him. The Negro's crime, for which he was to be lynched but was, as it turned out, only "fatally wounded," was that of breaking the "cus-

tom of many years' standing" in Marlow that a colored person must not remain in town after dark. "The situation was not unusual," says the assistant prosecuting attorney, J. H. Long, who explains that "there are many towns of Oklahoma where Negroes are not welcome." Also, we understand, where whites are unwelcome if they are unfortunate enough to be Jews or Catholics. However, Mr. Long is convinced that "no evidence has been found to prove the Ku Klux Klan responsible." "A party of youths constituted the mob that attacked the Birch Hotel, and Marvin Kincannon, a lad of bad reputation who had served in the reformatory, did the shooting." Whether it was the Klan or only the Klan spirit that was responsible is immaterial. The community that cherished this "custom of several years' standing" and provided the moral sanction for this caper cut by "a party of youths" stands self-convicted.

WHEN Mrs. Mary Ware Dennett, director of the Voluntary Parenthood League, attempted to read a paper before the National Immigration Conference in New York City, she was summarily halted and ruled from the platform by Peter Brady, the chairman. "We are not here to discuss birth control," declared Mr. Brady. Mrs. Dennett had been invited to address the meeting and said she had discussed her speech with an officer in charge of the program, but Mr. Brady did not feel that the paper was in keeping with the subject, whether special legislation should be enacted to secure better selection, distribution, and assimilation of immigrants. Mr. Brady was wrong. Fewer children in the families that pack our foreign quarters would certainly make assimilation an easier task. The "100 neediest cases" that fill the newspapers every Christmas season would be largely reduced and much of poverty checked at its source if parenthood were voluntary.

THE full particulars of the British general election now available to supplement the cabled dispatches reveal several points of interest as regards the personnel of the new House. Among the new members is Ramsay Muir, for several years professor of modern history at Manchester, a leader in broadening the program of the Liberal Party and making it more responsive to social ideals. He recently became editor of the *Weekly Westminster*. J. H. Harris, who has won a seat for the Liberals at North Hackney, is secretary of the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Society. He spent many years in tropical Africa and has rendered valuable service in defense of the rights of the natives of that region. T. E. Harvey, elected for Dewsbury, is a former warden of Toynbee Hall and an authority on unemployment and kindred subjects. He is a Liberal Quaker, while George Gillett, the Quaker member for Finsbury, has the distinction of being a banker who advocates the capital levy. Bertrand Russell, Norman Angell, and J. Howard Whitehouse were unsuccessful. As against the success of Mr. Muir, the profession of journalism has to deplore the failure of the editor of the *Economist*, W. T. Layton, and of that brilliant essayist, Philip Guedalla, as well as of two distinguished Labor journalist-candidates, George Young and Phillips Price.

SOMETIMES when the two-party system is spoken of as the unvarying rule of the British Parliament before the appearance of Labor, it is forgotten that for a long period

the Irish Nationalists were strong enough to need to be taken into account by both the major parties. In June, 1885, the Gladstone Government was defeated by a combination of Conservatives and Nationalists. It resigned, and Lord Salisbury took office. At the general election in November and December, the Liberals were returned with 333 seats, the Conservatives with 251, and the Nationalists with 86. Salisbury resigned in January, 1886, and Gladstone formed a government. His position corresponded to Mr. Baldwin's today, for although his party stood first numerically it was in a minority of the whole House. The electoral results in Ireland, where 85 Nationalists had been returned as against 18 Conservatives and no Liberals, led him to accede to the Irish claim for self-government, and accordingly in April he introduced his first home-rule bill, which led to a disastrous split in his own party. The defeat of the bill in June was followed by another general election, which brought back the Conservatives with 316, the Gladstonian Liberals with 196, the dissentient Liberals with 74, and the Nationalists with 84. The Conservative minority maintained a government for six years.

DECEMBER 16 marked the 153rd recurrence of the birthday of Ludwig van Beethoven. Various societies, including the Society of the Friends of Music, have been, as usual, devoting their recent programs to the celebration of this anniversary. But the most vivid of these events was the Beethoven program rendered at Aeolian Hall in New York by Frederic Lamond, the only virtuoso, we believe, who devotes himself exclusively to the interpretation of the master. Mr. Lamond played with a force that seemed sheathed in velvet. His interpretations were restrained and exquisitely just. He has both poetry and energy, grace, speed, and elevation. We call attention to this concert because we believe it sets an admirable example. Our musicians give programs built to exhibit their skill, and the poor lover of music is left with scraps in his memory and a cloying sense of technical proficiency. Almost never is he permitted to sink himself into the mood and mind and art of a great master.

THERE is a fitness in the decision of the Nobel Prize Committee to award no peace prize this year. There is no peace this year to celebrate. Fridtjof Nansen's brave struggle has already been recognized; Lord Robert Cecil, since taking office in the Baldwin Government, has let his once powerful voice be stilled; no statesman of Europe has raised his voice in any serious plea for a warless world, or has molded the foreign policy of his nation as a world policy. We in America have huddled in isolation. General Smuts spoke out nobly two months ago, but what could the prime minister of an African dominion do when no European leader stood up to join him? Off in Asia, Mahatma Gandhi is still in prison; and the one man who in our time has stirred millions to abjure all force is cut off from his people and vilified by their enemies. When his people, awakened by the nationalism of the West, use force as men—particularly Western men—do, this Eastern saint is blamed. But if there had been a Nobel prize committee sitting in Rome, or Arles, or in the ancient predecessor of Delhi, some nineteen hundred years ago, it would, we suspect, have paid no more attention to a young man then preaching non-resistance in Galilee and stirring up excitable people, than our modern committee pays to Gandhi.

Frank I. Cobb

AMERICAN journalism has suffered a severe loss in the death of Frank I. Cobb, editor of the *New York World*. A man of absolute honesty and of great personal charm, possessor of an admirable style, and equipped with a wide knowledge and understanding of American political life, his vigorous writing illuminated many a dark situation with insight and the searchlight of truth. At a time when so many of our chief editorial writers are mere hirelings with little force of character or learning, the loss of Frank Cobb seems well-nigh irreparable. In the first place, there are few men similarly gifted with pungent style and expression; in the second place, he was fortunate in having the freedom of the *World's* editorial page. Thanks to the wisdom and the generosity of the Pulitzers, there was never any doubt that Mr. Cobb's pen was unchained.

In its range it covered a wide field; in its sympathies it was almost invariably on the side of the people against privilege. When nearly all the other New York dailies were silent in the face of corporate wrongdoing, the *World* spoke out. When the public was misled as to those behind the bosses, Mr. Cobb tore aside the masks that hid them. When it came to the tariff fraud, his irony and his direct onslaughts reached the mark every time. He had a way of exposing a sham by a touch of brilliant sarcasm which undoubtedly had something to do with Henry Watterson's declaration that he was by all odds the most brilliant editorial writer of his day. If that estimate was open to challenge, it could be on behalf of only one or two others; above the rest Frank Cobb stood head and shoulders. For one thing, he was a convinced democrat, and when your liberal writes he is likely to do so with a fire and passion which can never be equaled by a defender of stand-pattism and the existing order—the conservative editor resembles nothing so much as a balky mule, with his forefeet outstretched and braced lest anybody try to shove him and his wagon along. Mr. Cobb knew that there was much grievously wrong in the state of Denmark and he dared to say it. He was not afraid to declare that our Constitution, long outworn, had become a straitjacket preventing the normal development of our political entity; nor to point out that the new states formed during or after the World War were careful not to take over our much-vaunted political system or to shape their parliamentary organization after our own.

All of which makes it the more lamentable that when the war came Mr. Cobb and his paper were both stampeded into supporting it. He was one of the first among liberal editors to believe that the leadership of Woodrow Wilson, as voiced in the "New Freedom," gave the best opportunity for the development of a liberal and progressive America that had come in their lifetimes. He could not see that our entry into the World War would not only cure nothing, but that it would be almost a death-blow to every progressive and reform movement in America. During the war he was silent when the Constitution was outraged and the most sacred rights of the American citizen were trampled under foot. Afterward he spoke out, but never with a clear realization of the fact that an alliance of liberalism and war invariably means disaster for the former. His last years he devoted vigorously to combating the dire reaction which our plunge into the war had insured. To that fight his loss is altogether stunning.

Mr. Hughes Says: "Thumbs Down!"

"THUMBS down!" says Mr. Hughes in answer to Chicherin's proposal for the recognition of Russia. It is an old answer—so old, indeed, that it has become tiresome, and Mr. Hughes has felt it necessary to liven it up with a little jazz supplied by the Dime Novel Bureau of the Old Sleuth Division of the Department of Justice. The Secretary of State repeats the hoary old arguments against recognition: Russia's confiscation of American property, the repudiation of her debt, and her support of communist propaganda in the United States. Then seeing that his audience is going to sleep on his hands, he hastily calls on Mr. Daugherty for a saxophone sextette and some black-face artists to introduce an interlude of jazz. Mr. Daugherty kindly obliges, and the country is treated to a tale of alleged instructions recently sent by Zinoviev to the Workers Party of America, calling for the organization of "fighting units" and looking toward a day when it would be possible to "raise the red flag over the White House."

The whole tale sounds like fiction—far too naive to be believed of the Soviet Government in its present situation and mood. Senators Norris and Borah have challenged its authenticity with such insistence that Mr. Lodge has felt obliged to promise an investigation by the Foreign Relations Committee. The public will do well not to swallow the story until this inquiry shows on what base it rests. Mr. Hughes tacitly admits that he knows nothing of the truth of the tale himself, but says he has the assurance of the Department of Justice of its authenticity. If he had the assurance of the Department of Agriculture, of the Director of the Mint, or of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the story might merit at least superficial credence, but in its post-war dealings with "red activities" the Department of Justice has such a record of fakes that it is entitled only to suspicion until it has produced convincing evidence.

Leaving aside for the present, therefore, Mr. Hughes's jazz interlude, what is there to the stipulations which he makes for recognition of Russia? The general demand that the Soviet Government shall not conduct propaganda in this country for the violent overthrow of our Government is reasonable, and not unacceptable to Russia. Yet there are certain difficulties here which need to be understood. Communist doctrine is aimed primarily at achieving a new industrial system. Nobody can predict how the workers of any particular country would carry it out, or how far, even if they were generally convinced of its justice. The assumption that widespread belief in communism here in America would be accompanied by a violent overturn of existing government is a conclusion unwarranted by history and resting largely on the fears of those who profess it. In any event, active propaganda for an industrial and political revolution in the United States does not now and probably never will come primarily from Russia. The convincing arguments against conditions in this country are not in manifestos from Moscow but in the facts which our own press, however unwillingly, is obliged to give us in regard to coal-mine monopoly, insufficient housing, profiteering merchants, greedy bankers, swindling business men, and corrupt politicians. This is propaganda dipped in fire.

And has Mr. Hughes forgotten that our own Government not merely propagandized for the overthrow of the Soviet Government but in common with the other Allies made

actual war against it, although it never had the courage or the honesty to issue a declaration of hostilities? Has Mr. Hughes forgotten that "our boys" were sent to Archangel in the effort violently to overthrow the Bolshevik Government and to raise upon the Kremlin the flag of some scoundrelly adventurer who was willing to lick the boots of the Allies in return for their support?

Beside his fear of propaganda for the violent overthrow of the Government of which he is a nervous part, Mr. Hughes mentions two other stumbling blocks in the way of recognition of Russia: confiscation of American property and repudiation of the old debts. We are not aware that American property has been treated differently from that of anybody else. Confronted with complete ruin and industrial collapse in Russia, the Soviet leaders have been obliged to take many drastic steps, but they have played no favorites. Americans have been treated on a par with other foreigners or with natives. Besides, what right have we to talk of confiscation after our seizure of the chemical patents of private citizens in Germany, or after destroying the property of numerous foreigners as well as Americans by the prohibition amendment?

Russia's repudiation of the foreign debt contracted in pre-bolshevik days has been the strongest and most enduring excuse urged against her recognition both here and in Europe since the Soviet regime began. Is it not time to strip this argument of its humbug and hypocrisy? Russia's chief crime was her honesty. In a burst of open diplomacy the Soviet leaders declared that the Government *would* not pay the enormous obligations occasioned by the Czar or the war—a burden impossible to shoulder. France, Italy, and other debtors to the United States have been more canny: they have said they *could* not pay. But the result is the same. They have not paid, and in all probability they never will pay, either interest or principal.

The repudiation of debts by governments is a wholly familiar fact in history. It is often as necessary and as legitimate as for an individual—for whom we have provided a legal method through bankruptcy. Within even the present century Greece, Spain, Rumania, and Portugal have defaulted on large amounts of their public debt. A large number of our own States, not only in the South after the Civil War, but including Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Minnesota, have been guilty of defaults. Every one of our European Allies in the World War has repudiated large amounts of public debt through the depreciation caused by going to a paper-currency basis. All Americans who bought French or Italian internal bonds during the early years of the war—as many living in those countries did—have had those obligations repudiated by 75 per cent through the fall of the exchange rate.

Mr. Hughes is harassed by fictitious fears and clings to outworn shibboleths. The Soviet Government can no longer be viewed as an accident or an experiment. Russia is the most hopeful country in Europe from the standpoint of the latter's industrial reconstruction and revival. Russia's fields can grow the grain of which her neighbors are in want. But first the barriers must be removed. We have our choice. We can recognize Russia and cooperate with her in reestablishing industry on a basis of self-help or we can ladle out charity to Europe by means of the soup kitchen.

Bok—Peace or Propaganda?

IF there were a Pulitzer prize for the most successful piece of publicity done each year, the prize for 1923 should certainly go to Mr. Edward Bok, late of the *Ladies Home Journal*, now best known for his "peace prize." As publicity it has been an unqualified success. As an effort for peace it is perhaps open to some question.

As publicity it will continue a success. No mere announcement of the award is to satisfy these indefatigable workers. There is to be a national referendum on the plan. Organizations totaling millions of members are to poll their members; every newspaper and magazine in the country is being asked to cooperate in the voting. Never was peace so well advertised; it would be worth while, some suggest, if only because it has turned so many million minds to the problem of world peace. Other voices raise a curious question. What if the whole business were not so much an objective attempt to move the world toward peace as an effort to propagate a particular program for peace? What if it were at root an attempt to "educate" the American people to the League of Nations or to its World Court?

Suspicious men are all too ready to impute subtle Machiavellianism to those with whom they disagree; and it is hard to believe that Mr. Bok and his associates are such deep-dyed conspirators. Yet when one considers the names of the members of the jury of award: Elihu Root, General Harbord, Colonel House, Miss Pendleton of Wellesley, Dean Pound of the Harvard Law School, William Allen White, and Brand Whitlock, one realizes that these are all likely to be sympathetic to the League. One feels that, distinguished and above suspicion as they are, they may have been—well, carefully selected.

It is the form of the referendum which most excites distrust. We understand that well-paid young students did the preliminary reading of the 22,000 manuscripts submitted, and that some two hundred plans went to the jury. Presumably these two hundred included a variety of programs. But only one winning plan is to be submitted to the voters. There is to be no alternative. Readers of the cooperating magazines and newspapers, members of the cooperating organizations, are to give an unqualified yes-or-no answer to one plan. Suppose, as seems likely, it is one form of the World Court plan. Voters cannot express reservations or suggest amendments. They must answer, like a miserable witness in a court room, yes or no. There is no choice. And with their votes Mr. Bok and his able publicity agents will make magnificent propaganda for the winning plan. Was there ever a more perfect method of pushing a political campaign?

There is a fairer way, still open to the committee. Suppose that instead of one, three plans were submitted to the voters. Suppose that beside the one involving some form of participation in the League or the World Court, real alternatives were submitted: a plan involving participation in Europe while remaining aloof from the League, and a plan involving maintenance of isolation. Then the referendum would mean something; the suspicion of propaganda would be avoided. We shall await the announcement of the winning plan and the final decision upon the method of referendum with interest. It would be a pity if the public were left doubtful whether Mr. Bok was more interested in peace or in propaganda.

Politics by Radio

IT may be that in after years men will look back upon the campaign of 1924 as "the radio year." Every important speech will go out on the air to hundreds of thousands, sometimes to millions, who would never dream of packing themselves into tight, stuffy halls to hear the candidates—and many an unimportant speech will reach the same vast audience. More effective than pamphlets, mass meetings, or street orations will be these speeches to the great home audiences receiving through the single sense of hearing. It is something new in politics, something totally, amazingly new, which in two short years has become almost as commonplace a part of our civilization as the telephone, the automobile, and the motion picture—all inventions within the memory of the youngest editor of *The Nation*.

Yet it is possible that radio will never again play so important a part in a campaign. Radio has come to stay, but it is none the less a fad. Like the bicycle, it may have overreached its market—and broadcasting stations may follow the cinderpath into oblivion. There are millions "listening in" every evening this year. Some other fad will hold the attention of most of them in 1928. And as the fad dies, broadcasting will decline.

Eight hundred and fifty broadcasting stations have been licensed in the United States since radio began to conquer the national imagination, but already half of them have ceased operation. They are too expensive. In England the receiver is licensed, and the receipts from the licenses help pay for broadcasting. Here the receiver pays nothing for the music, politics, propaganda, or what-not which he receives out of the air. The dealer in radio material refuses to tax himself to pay for broadcasting. Some of the best broadcasting is done by manufacturers who seek thereby to build up the radio audience and maintain the demand for receiving apparatus. But as the craze dies down (and manufacturers admit that the market already shows a tendency to stabilization), the incentive will decline. Broadcasting is expensive, and when the public ceases madly buying new radio apparatus every week the economic excuse will be gone. Other broadcasting is pure advertising. Many newspapers, particularly in the West and South, have maintained broadcasting stations. But their number is declining; it costs too much. Unless some way is found to finance it, broadcasting must die.

Politics may, for a time, provide such a method. It will be worth while for candidates to pay for the privilege of broadcasting. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company is already experimenting with paid radio advertising from its WEAf station in New York City. It does not, of course, accept obvious and direct advertising. It does accept, at the rate of \$100 for ten minutes, radio advertising in the form of lectures or children's stories that have a moral—an advertising moral. And it expects, in 1924, a considerable income from political speeches.

There is an opportunity and a menace in this use of the radio. The big radio companies are frank to say that they will broadcast only the propaganda of the two major political parties. The minority parties will be left in the cold. Perhaps we shall ultimately come to regard the air as something like a public park, and shall provide free concerts and free lectures, and give the various parties as much opportunity to exercise their lungs as they know how to use.

The Russian Communist Party

By LOUIS FISCHER

THE Moscow Control Commission has decided to expel from the Russian Communist Party N. S. Popov for practicing religious ceremonies and H. H. Andreyevitch, keeper of a cafe." A small notice of this sort in an inconspicuous corner of a morning's *Pravda* gives one a correct notion of the exclusive nature and disciplinary strictness of that aristocratic order of approximately half a million members which has been ruling Russia since November, 1917.

The Russian Communist Party combines the secrecy of the Masons and the fanatic devotion of the Jesuits with the worldly adaptability of a modern political organization. The high quality of its membership is attained through a hesitancy to accept new recruits and a readiness to rid itself of old human material which has been weighed in the balance of experience and found wanting. These are the elements that have enabled the Soviet regime to maintain power despite the opposition, active as well as passive, of a hostile world, and notwithstanding the innumerable difficulties inherent in the domestic situation.

Theoretically and constitutionally the Russian Government derives its power from local soviets. Actually it takes its orders from the leaders of the Communist Party, which has neither a mandate from nor a responsibility other than self-imposed to the inhabitants of the vast country. There are, of course, provincial and federal congresses of soviets whose legislative and executive organs do exercise certain prerogatives and perform certain definite functions, but real authority resides with the local Communist groups and, in final form, with the Communist Party's Central Committee of Nine, or Political Bureau, as it is known in Russia. When an important note from a foreign government is to be answered these nine—Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin, Kamenev, Dzerzhinski, Rykov, Bucharin, Zinoviev, and Tomski—decide upon the tone and trend of the reply and then approve its text. On the arrival in May of the Curzon ultimatum, which threatened for a time to cause a rift in Anglo-Russian relations, representatives of the Foreign Office made no secret of this fact. Yet the "Politbureau" is not a government body, nor are Bucharin, Zinoviev, and Tomski officials of the Government. And just as the Communist Party puts its stamp on Soviet diplomacy, its direct authority permeates every department of the state as well as such semi-governmental institutions as the trade unions and the cooperatives. For all of these the resolutions of a Communist Party conference are law.

But the Russian Government is in reality so closely identified with the Russian Communist Party that an attempt to discover where the authority of the one ends and that of the other begins amounts to little more than academic hair-splitting. Most responsible positions in the Government are held by Communists. The tendency to man the state apparatus with Communists to the exclusion of non-party individuals increases as the ideal of communism retreats before the prosaic difficulties of the present. In the army trained officers of the Czar's army are gradually being replaced by pro-Soviet graduates of the Red military academies; in the industries and the ministries the attempt is being made to supplant anti-Soviet specialists with Com-

munists. It was the opinion of the Twelfth Congress of the Communist Party which met last April that the monopoly of Communist government officials ought to be made as complete as possible.

If this is as yet only an aim in the administrative department of the local and federal governments, it is almost a fully achieved fact in the legislative and executive department of these governments—in the soviets. It is inconceivable that the first Soviet of the land, the Council of People's Commissars, over which Lenin presides, should include anyone who is not a Communist. The city soviets do count some non-party members but the number is always small. Furthermore, it must be borne in mind that the nonpartisan, if he objects to the tenets and practices of the Communists, does not often dare seriously to oppose them, so that Communist unanimity remains undisturbed. The Moscow Soviet contains 1,902 Communists and 175 non-partisans. The ratio in most urban soviets will approximate that of the capital. In the villages the number of Communists is comparatively smaller.

Because of the Government's natural desire to intrust responsible, non-technical positions as far as possible to Communists, and because of the scarcity of Communists in comparison to the number of posts, membership in the Communist Party may easily become a straight road to an administrative job with the state. Thus it is that many workingmen who join the party and even many of those peasants who have little fitness for administrative work will probably leave the factory or the field and drift into the office.

Whether this development, now only in its inception, will have the ultimate effect of making the Communist Party identical with a government bureaucracy it is too early now to say. At present government employees constitute only 22.2 per cent of the membership of the Russian Communist Party; peasants, 26.7 per cent; workers, 44.4 per cent; "others," that is, intellectuals, artists, and professional people, 6.7 per cent.

It is the frank aim of the leadership of the party to increase the percentage of factory workers at the expense of other social elements. The annual conference in April resolved that "the Russian Communist Party, being a proletarian party, must systematically increase the percentage of industrial workers and simultaneously regulate and limit the admission into the party of all other elements." The previous conference had adopted a similar decision. During the year 1923-1924 only industrial workers will be accepted into the party; all others must pass the period as candidates under probation.

The preference for factory workers arises from the conviction that the city proletarian is naturally more radical and advanced than the peasant or the official. Time and again at congresses Communist leaders have warned against the infiltration into the party of "petty bourgeois" blood from the villages and elsewhere. For the Communist Party enjoys a growing popularity which was not its portion at the beginning of the bolshevik regime; if the doors were thrown wide open membership would undoubtedly leap to many times the 410,430 of the last census of January, 1923.

From 1898, when the Russian Social Democratic Party was formed, until 1903, when it split into Majority or Bolshevik and Minority or Menshevik factions on a question of program in which the Bolsheviks had a majority of two votes (hence the present name of the party) and on to the end of the Czarist regime, the Communist Party was illegal and underground. To join the party was to incur the danger of death or of life-long exile in the Siberian salt and gold mines. These objective circumstances, together with the strict inner discipline, limited membership to a few tried and tested persons of the most idealistic and intellectual type who lived in foreign exile and to a select nucleus of radical workingmen, so that at the time of the abortive 1905 revolution, for instance, the Communists were only 8,400 strong. And when in 1917 they seized the reins of government, which they still hold, the party was a mere handful of 25,000. Since then membership has increased with impressive leaps and bounds. In 1918 there were already 115,000 enrolled Communists; in 1919, 251,000; the next year brought the total to 431,000; and in 1921 the pinnacle was reached with 585,600.

With so rapid a growth and despite occasional individual expulsions much undesirable material found its way into the ranks. Accordingly a general wholesale cleansing was ordered in 1921 which resulted in the exclusion of 24.1 per cent of the entire membership of the party. Members were expelled because they had not attended the political party courses, because they had not been regular in performing the duties imposed on them by the party, because they had married into bourgeois families or undergone a religious marriage ceremony, because they had submitted their sons to baptism or circumcision, because they had lived in too great luxury, finally because they were known to gamble, take bribes, engage personally in capitalistic enterprises, or to make improper use of their influence as Communists for the benefit of a friend or relative. In this general purification of the party all members, from the most ordinary worker and peasant to the highest personality in the organization, were summoned before examining commissions and subjected to pitiless and often embarrassing third degrees in which intimate, private matters, such as a man's relations to women, were not avoided. Communism involves the negation of the individual and while, in the recent history of the party, practice has strayed somewhat from this theory, it would naturally reassert itself in a process of purification.

Localized cleansings take place as the occasion arises. Any person's doings may at any time become the subject of a public discussion at the meeting of a Communist group. A Communist's political and private behavior is under as close a scrutiny during the entire length of his adherence to the party as it is during the period of probation which precedes his entrance into it.

No person enters the Russian Communist Party without passing through a purgatory as candidate. The period of candidacy is never less than six months, but generally lasts from one to two years and may be extended to even greater limits, as it is this year for persons outside the working class. A person is accepted as a candidate upon the recommendation of several well-reputed Communists of long standing. He is subjected to tests and examinations; he must learn the Communist catechism and perform numerous duties without enjoying any of the privileges that attach to membership in the party. If his political backbone

appears weak the period of his candidacy is correspondingly prolonged; if his case proves hopeless he is dismissed without further ado. At present there are 117,924 candidates in Russia, making the total number of declared Communists 528,354. In addition the League of Communist Youth, functioning as a stepping-stone to the senior party and consisting of persons between the ages of 18 and 21, has close to 300,000 members.

Heavy duties and irksome tasks increase rather than decrease when finally the candidate has been promoted to full-fledged membership. Likewise the responsibilities and the dangers. A Communist may any day be ordered to proceed to India or to Spain, or to go to the Caucasus or into a factory for secret political work, and his only choice is to obey. On the other hand, if he desires to quit Russia for personal reasons he cannot do so without the party's consent. Where the fire is hottest and the risk greatest a Communist is dispatched to stand guard. This was so in the civil wars, when the Communists constituted special shock companies always thrust first into battle. The same was true of the storming of Kronstadt; in 1919 and 1920, when many villages were resisting with armed force the attempts of the Government to requisition their grain, picked troops of Communists were detailed to cope with the situation. For the Communist on duty is never subject to disaffection. Where an ordinary Red Army detachment occasionally conceived a sympathy for the cause of the recalcitrant peasants—in certain cases the soldiers permitted themselves to be disarmed—the Communist groups suppressed ruthlessly every revolt they encountered. A Communist with an order in his pocket ceases to be a person and becomes a machine to execute that order. It is this military discipline to which every Communist subjects himself voluntarily that has made for the success of the Communist regime in Russia. I once addressed myself to a member of the G. P. U.—the peacetime successor of the dreaded Cheka—and asked him whether the work he was doing was not repulsive to his nature. He replied: "I am a Communist. This is the task to which I have been assigned." Nor is it merely a child's obedience to a higher will. The Communist is convinced that discipline is the strongest pillar of the party, but more important than this, his agreement with the principles and tactics of the person, also a Communist, who gave the order leads him to a belief in its justice and necessity. What remains is the effacement of self if the duty is unpleasant. For this he is prepared—it is the Communist's first commandment.

The standard which the Communist Party sets for its members is much higher than any that in ordinary life is expected of the average individual. The leaders present an example of disdain for luxuries, fine dressing, and high living which has become a code of honor for the whole organization. A Communist holding one of the highest positions in the Government who had probably grown accustomed to physical comforts through earlier experience in America was recently called to task by his colleagues for living in too high a style. Bucharin, dressed in simple Russian blouse, trudging the streets of Moscow when he could easily have an auto, is a well-known figure, while Lenin's and Chicherin's indifference to new clothing has become proverbial. Lunacharski, seen several times during the better part of a year in Russia, always wore the same threadbare jacket and trousers of different color and texture. Naturally there are exceptions when one is dealing with a body of

half a million persons of varying antecedents and training, and whereas gambling and drinking, for instance, are offenses to be followed by expulsion from the party there are not a few who indulge.

When a Communist commits a wrong he is the loser for being a Communist. Last winter there were several interesting cases in the Moscow courts of officials tried for taking bribes. The non-Communists were sentenced to imprisonment and fines; the Communists were shot.

But just as the *lex talionis* never prevented murder, and as punishment never deters the criminal, so human frailties are not altogether to be eradicated by the high moral code of the Communists, nor the tendency to misuse power by the knowledge that Communist vengeance awaits the sinner. Moreover, neither the strict discipline that obtains within the party, nor the added duties and dangers, nor the constant surveillance, periodic examinations, and occasional purifications to which every member is exposed, prevent the entrance into the party of a class that assumes the cloak of communism merely because it opens the road to a career and success. In the course of time many of these persons will be discovered and eliminated, but there is certainly an appreciable remnant which avoids the weeding process and remains to discredit the organization as a whole. The presence of these careerists in the party, reinforced as it is by a fairly thick sprinkling of "petty bourgeois" individuals most of whom have sprung on to the band-wagon since the Communists seized power in 1917, has made for considerable demoralization within the party and has lowered it far below the level of purity which was maintained when Lenin was still a scribbler in Zurich and Trotzky a poorly clad lecturer in various parts of Europe and America.

The rule limiting admission to industrial workers is an attempt to bring back part of the quality which vanished from the party with its rapid growth. Individuals, furthermore, are encouraged to leave the party and many do, for membership is a bar to those who are ambitious for wealth through participation in private enterprise.

Communists constitute a privileged class in Russia. The real Communist, to be sure, expects nothing in return for the extra burdens and responsibilities he carries except the satisfaction of knowing that he is working toward his ideal, and that he, only a few years ago downtrodden and pursued, is now part of a great workers' government. But objective conditions force upon all Communists advantages which certain of those who sit atop the pyramid are eager to add to. All things being equal, or even when many things are unequal, the Communist will be chosen for a job above the other candidates. Because, after the experience that Soviet Russia has passed through with sabotaging specialists, devotion is often preferred to knowledge and expert training, the Communist worker will receive more rapid advancement than his colleagues not enrolled with the party. If a pay roll is to be shortened the Communist will probably be kept longest on the staff. In Moscow the housing problem is very acute, but the Communist is always certain to be accommodated; elsewhere in the provinces he gets the choice of the best dwellings. If a gubernia must send a representative to the capital, or Moscow must delegate someone abroad, a Communist will be first in line for the trip. Under the hard and trying material circumstances of present-day Russia these are considerations not to be underestimated.

[A second article by Mr. Fischer will discuss the treatment of national minorities by the Soviet Government.]

An Import of China

By WITTER BYNNER

NEWARK, New Jersey, is too near New York for New Yorkers to realize how large a town lies across the Hudson River—the twelfth or thirteenth largest, I believe, of American cities. At the moment, however, it will be well worth the while of New Yorkers and of others within easy reach of Newark to realize that such a city exists and to understand how large-minded a director is shaping the policy of the Newark Museum Association. John Cotton Dana and members of his staff, notably Mrs. Theodora Rhoades, have been at work for many months assembling from all over the world an exhibition designed to convey to the attending American mind a rounded sense of the spirit and activities of China. Until January 1 that exhibition is on view at the Newark Public Library every afternoon and evening; and during 1924 the exhibits, lacking only some of the valuable art objects, will go on tour among twenty cities.

The scope of the exhibition is wide: detailed evidence of Chinese life, ancient and modern, agricultural and industrial, public and domestic, educational and religious, aesthetic and utilitarian. There are clothes, furniture, toys, musical instruments, implements of shop and field, maps, charts, photographs, an actual illustration of silk culture, from the worm to the brocade; a multitude of practical objects and at the same time a rich display of ornaments, of jades, of bronzes, and of masterly paintings. A mere enumeration of the persons, firms, corporations, and officials contributing to the exhibition makes a pamphlet of twenty-six pages.

Art and daily living are closer bound with the Chinese than they are with us; and Newark has done well to give us a combinedly practical and aesthetic revelation of our Pacific neighbors: a reminder of the history of China, its vast extent, population, and endurance, its absorbing conquest of its conquerors; a reminder that these Orientals are not sinister barbarians but a race founded in deep wisdom and culture; a reminder that the Chinese were a practical people long before American civilization began and that they may remain an artistic people long after American civilization has perished. The present political chaos in China is nothing compared to that in Europe. Mechanistic industrialism is bending the edges of China, but has not as yet, as it has done with us, warped the whole body of national life. Perhaps it will be the Chinese who will teach us what to do with this perilous monster we have created, how to change him from a deadening to a quickening dragon.

Forgetting culture for a moment, thinking merely in terms of commerce, exhibitions like this one at Newark and the internationally cooperative spirit behind such exhibitions are likely to correct a deplorable American error familiar to many travelers in China. Chinese after Chinese has said to me, speaking of Americans: "We like you best, best of all the peoples. You have been kindest to us. Nation to nation, you have treated us honestly. We know that Britain, as a nation, has treated us dishonestly, and continues to do so on every occasion. And yet we have to trade with the British in preference to you, because, trader to trader, they deal with us honestly. Your American business men will sell us one thing and deliver another, not

quite what we ordered, and will then refuse to make good. They are not scrupulous with us, because we are only Chinese. We put up with it once or twice, because we like you. Your American business men make us pay on their accustomed dates, instead of on ours, and we do it for a while. But finally we deal with the British, who in trade treat us humanly. Whatever villainies they may practice against us in politics, they are more honest with us than you are in business. Even the Japanese are more honest than you in business and more considerate of our feelings as individuals. When you have learned to do as well by us individually as you have done nationally, it will be a hap-

pier day for both countries. We know you better than you know us. We understand you better. And we'll be ready for you with warm hearts, and with our trade, when you understand us better, not just as a nation, but as people."

Mr. Dana and his associates in Newark are to be complimented upon calling our attention to people whom in every way it behooves us to know and upon encouraging among those people faith in the development of interracial understanding and sympathy, a sympathy which has been instinctively but not as yet very intelligently felt in America's traditional gesture of friendliness toward the oldest of living civilizations.

"Lucky Cal"

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

SOME of Mr. Coolidge's luck he contrives for himself. Some of it just settles upon him like dew. The total of the two sorts continues to accumulate.

When Mr. Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania was engaged in his stupendous attack upon the federal Government in the matter of prohibition enforcement, the ex-Governor of a Western State said to Mr. Coolidge:

"Is this sort of attack going to hurt you?"

"Never has," said Mr. Coolidge succinctly.

Today Mr. Pinchot has little time to press home upon the federal Government his thoroughly substantial charges against the federal Government's highly political prohibition enforcement service.

God on behalf of Calvin Coolidge has raised up great crops of enemies for Mr. Pinchot in Pennsylvania. By act of Providence the Secretary of the Treasury is a Pennsylvanian. The Secretary of the Treasury, by a strange development of historic fate, is the federal official in chief charge of prohibition enforcement. By a freak of circumstance the present Secretary of the Treasury, besides being a Pennsylvanian, is the richest Pennsylvanian in existence and one of the most formidably powerful. Mr. Pinchot, in attacking the federal prohibition enforcement service, was accordingly obliged to sow dragons' teeth for himself in Pennsylvanian soil. From that sowing there now arise enemies who give him large occupation at some distance from Washington.

Simultaneously it happens, through the mysterious mercy which watches over Calvin Coolidge, that the organization chiefly responsible for the highly political character of the federal prohibition enforcement service is precisely the Anti-Saloon League. This organization is supposed to sympathize with Mr. Pinchot. It is obliged, however, still more to sympathize with the nature which it itself has imposed upon the federal office enforcing the Volstead law. The Anti-Saloon League cannot say that the federal prohibition enforcement service is improperly organized. That service is organized in total separation from civil-service rules and in total subordination to direct political influences precisely because the Anti-Saloon League has wished to have it so organized. In effect accordingly the Anti-Saloon League may feel for Mr. Pinchot but in effect accordingly it works for Mr. Coolidge.

Meanwhile Mr. Pinchot, by divine interference accomplished through Mr. Coolidge's own immediate thought and

act, is further engaged in solving the problem of anthracite coal. If anybody would rather solve a problem than run for the presidency, Mr. Coolidge gratifies him. Mr. Pinchot wanted to solve anthracite coal and Mr. Coolidge accommodatingly permitted and even urged him to do so. It now begins to be seen that Mr. Pinchot is primarily solving prohibition enforcement and anthracite coal and only incidentally running for the presidency, while Mr. Coolidge is only incidentally solving anything and is primarily engaged in the prime object of politics—namely, the managing and ruling of problem-solvers.

Undeterred by the fate of Mr. Pinchot, Mr. Lowden of Illinois manifested an interest in solving the problem of wheat. He felt that it was a great problem and that it ought to be solved. Mr. Coolidge agreed with him and sent him forth to solve it by bringing together the wheat farmers of America into cooperative organizations which would control—or, at any rate, dominate—the wheat market of America. At the end of a long time Mr. Lowden is still bringing them together. It is reported that in one State he has succeeded in bringing them together sufficiently to insure the organization of an organization committee. It is progress, but small and slow progress. The mass of the wheat farmers of the United States remain thoroughly unorganized. To bring them together will be the labor of years. No shining results will be reported by Mr. Lowden by the time the next Republican national convention meets.

It then further fortunately happened—fortunately for the favorite son of Vermont, Massachusetts, and Chance—that Mr. Ford aspired to solve something. He wished to solve fertilizers. He had to solve fertilizers. His tractors are substituting themselves for horses on the farms of America. Horses, besides dragging plows, are sources of the means of natural fertilization for the farms which they inhabit. Tractors are not. It was incumbent upon Mr. Ford to make amends. It was incumbent upon him to sell to his farmer clients the equivalent of a horse in two sales—first the sale of tractors and then the sale of fertilizers.

Hence he desired Muscle Shoals. From previous administrations he had received only a grudging sympathy. From Mr. Coolidge he received a quite earnest cooperation. Mr. Ford was pursued with a two-tined fork. One tine was the possibility that he might actually get and take Muscle Shoals. If he did, he then would have a great personal

private financial contract with the Government and would be morally and perhaps even legally embarrassed in getting and taking the presidency. This view of the matter may not have occurred to the mind of Mr. Coolidge. It lay, however, in the situation; and Mr. Coolidge's luck in truth is very largely the accommodatingness with which he permits nature to take its course. If a rival of Mr. Coolidge's wishes to debar himself from the presidency by taking a contract with the Government, Mr. Coolidge is not stirred to try to injure his rival by preventing him from having his heart's desire.

The other tine of the fork was that Mr. Ford might be overcome with gratitude and might go to work politically for Mr. Coolidge and that then it would make no political difference whether Congress gave Muscle Shoals to Mr. Ford or not.

By deduction this killing kindness can be regarded as

intentional. By observation it seems to have something to do not with malignancy but even with a certain sort of magnanimity. Mr. Coolidge does not conduct personal feuds. If he had been in President Wilson's place he would have allowed Theodore Roosevelt to have a military command in the World War. He does not involve himself in verbal attacks upon his rivals or implicate himself in official hindrances of them in their personal specialties. He plays the political game with an absolutely professional impersonality.

Not by one word since he became President of the United States has he added one shred of personal fuel to the fire of the forces which seem likely to burn up the Republican Party in the election of 1924.

If he is defeated in 1924 he will be defeated on issues. He will not be defeated on entanglements of personal affections and personal animosities. Now, that's something.

The Great Battle for Amnesty

By ALBERT DE SILVER

THE long campaign for amnesty for the federal political prisoners is over. President Coolidge has had the courage and the common sense (against the advice of his Attorney General, I believe) to release unconditionally the last of the men who were jailed for unpopular speech and writing during the war.

The amnesty campaign has lasted for five years—for a little more than four years after our Allies had released their war-time political prisoners. And the strange part of it is that when it began it did not look as if a long campaign would be needed. The special assistants in the Department of Justice who had charge of the prosecutions, Mr. John Lord O'Brien and Mr. Alfred Bettman, both realized that the cases were war cases in which abnormal penalties had been imposed. In the early days of 1919 they reviewed all of the cases which had then been concluded, and so drastically reduced the sentences in two hundred cases that the prisoners went free in a short time. But then Attorney General Gregory resigned and Mr. A. Mitchell Palmer took his place. Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Bettman soon retired, leaving the problem of the political prisoners to the routiners and politicians of the Department of Justice.

Mr. Palmer himself at first seemed encouraging. When an amnesty delegation called upon him, he told us that as a Quaker he understood better than most the motives of the political heretic, and we came away with the feeling that the matter of amnesty was on his conscience. We hoped for reasonably quick action. What Mr. Palmer did not do for political heretics and what he did to them (or to such as were aliens) is now a matter of record. He came and went, but the political prisoners remained.

Then came Harry Micajah Daugherty. He also received an amnesty delegation, but not being a Quaker, he did not understand the motives of the political heretics. In fact, I doubt if he had ever heard of such a thing. He seemed to think that the political offenders were in prison for overt acts against the law, not merely for having spoken or written anti-war or radical beliefs. By way of analogy, he asked whether a Democrat had a right to smuggle dutiable imports into the country because he disbelieved in a

Republican tariff! Clearly he needed considerable instruction. The delegation then went to the President. Mr. Harding, kindly, courteous man that he was, received us in a friendly but vague spirit, but by his very lack of explicitness, it was evident that he too had little comprehension of the questions involved in the political cases.

It may be that Eugene Debs's visit to Washington on parole while still a prisoner at the Atlanta Penitentiary brought some light to the President and the Attorney General. It may be that the picketing of the Disarmament Conference by medal-of-honor veterans asking amnesty made some action seem advisable. In any event the first action by President Harding came just before Christmas two years ago. Twenty-one out of about one hundred and forty political prisoners received commutations of sentence. But it was clear from the President's action that the Administration, although it had learned something of the problem, had not learned much. No line of policy governing the release was evident. Recantation of their industrial philosophy was given as a partial reason for the release of two of the men, although the others, notably Debs, had retracted nothing. Another man was released because "he has now served a sufficient length of time," although thirty-one of his co-defendants had served precisely the same length of time. The amnesty advocates were able to discover no policy governing the choice of the lucky twenty-one; indeed, I do not believe there was any.

The Administration then rested on its oars and was stirred to action again only after another embarrassing public demonstration. Mrs. Bertha Hale White of Chicago had spent considerable time in Texas and Oklahoma gathering information about the cases of a number of tenant farmers who had fallen foul of war legislation. She found the cases so pathetic and the condition of the prisoners' families so desperate that it was decided to form them into a sort of living petition for amnesty, to be presented to the President at Washington. Thirty-three wives and children were brought to Washington under the guidance of Mrs. Kate Richards O'Hare. They went to the White House daily, only to be refused an audience with the President each time. But these repeated visits drew a good deal of attention.

Remarks were made even by Republican Senators, and the situation, coupled with the Democratic attack upon the Attorney General's former activities on behalf of Mr. C. W. Morse, caused Mr. Daugherty to recommend the release of twelve more politicals, including a majority of the men whose families had been making the daily call at the White House.

Meanwhile amnesty sentiment out through the country had been growing and was making itself felt in Washington. The educational campaign conducted by the American Civil Liberties Union under the vigorous and dramatic leadership of Roger N. Baldwin, its demonstrations and its work with the Department of Justice, were beginning to tell. Senator Borah's active support was enlisted. The General Defense Committee of the I. W. W. had secured and sent to Washington an enormous amnesty petition. Delegations of disinterested citizens had been calling on the President urging amnesty. Finally on July 19, 1922, the President gave one such delegation to understand that action would be taken within sixty days. Then came a time of industrial unrest. The sixty-day period passed and no action was taken, the President deeming it unwise to release radicals at such a time.

Then began the drive which culminated in the release of the last of the federal prisoners. Most of the amnesty activity throughout the country was fused in a Joint Amnesty Committee in Washington, headed by Gilson Gardner and conducted by Miss Mary Gertrude Fendall and Mrs. Abby Scott Baker, both of whom worked with tireless energy and with extraordinary tact, ability, and political shrewdness. In Washington they kept forever on the trail of the Department of Justice and the White House, and they enlisted the support of scores of senators and representatives. Throughout the country they organized amnesty committees which had as members bishops, governors, supreme court judges, leaders of thought in their communities. They secured statements recommending clemency from the judges and prosecuting officials who had tried the most important cases. The political pressure which they thus focused was more than enough to force action. On June 19 President Harding issued an order which resulted in the release of sixteen men, and on December 15 President Coolidge completed the task by unconditionally commuting the sentences of the rest.

It must be said that this result was hastened by Senator George Wharton Pepper, who, becoming interested in the I. W. W. cases as a disinterested lawyer and citizen, made an exhaustive study of them and concluded that not one of the defendants in those cases should ever have been convicted. Senator Pepper's brave espousal of the cause of justice for the despised and unpopular is a distinguished exception to the general lack of interest in the subject on the part of the American bar.

The federal amnesty campaign is over, but there are still more than a hundred political prisoners in jail under State statutes, and in California the number is being increased. The governors of New York and Illinois have shown the way by pardoning the political prisoners in their States. The amnesty sentiment must now be directed at the governors of the States where political prisoners are still held. The longer political prosecutions flourish in our country, the more abjectly will we be ashamed when in the future we look back upon the history of these troubled times.

In the Driftway

THE allurements of Hunt the Slipper are as nothing compared to the joys of Exposing the Drifter and bringing him into the blushing light of day. So far he has been able to resist queries, polite or pressing, as to his age, color, social status, and weekly stipend—not to mention his Favorite Color of Hair, Favorite Girl's Name, Address, and Motto. Indeed, there seems to be no real need for an answer to any of these interrogations. By his works he may be known, as the following letter, which he prints with a humble and grateful heart, plainly shows:

SIR: For several months I have been reading your column in *The Nation*, and at the same time wondering what sort of man the Drifter was. The inquiry appeared hopeless until I ran across Taine's introduction to his "History of English Literature." "Eureka!" I shouted, "I will now proceed to walk up one side of this indifferent Drifter and down the other and tell him right to his face just what sort of person he is." For, as I read the paragraphs of the Driftway (they remind me of Lamb, by the way) I say, with Taine, these pleasing sentences were not created alone. They are but molds, like fossil shells; an imprint, like one of those shapes embossed in stone by an animal which lived and perished. Under the shell there was an animal, and behind In the Driftway there is a man.

READING this far, the Drifter's interest rose to fever heat, his forehead grew damp, his pulse registered 110; and his excitement was well rewarded:

Here, then, is the Drifter:

Sex: Male; shown by masculine tone and subject matter.

Age: Forty-five or thereabouts. Thinks, therefore must be over forty.

Appearance: Prepossessing.

Wealth: Little, if any. Has not the smug cocksureness of the rich.

Education: Self-taught. No doubt has a degree but has shed most parrot-knowledge.

Religion: Mildly Protestant.

Is either a bachelor or a widower. Gentle natured and gently bred men are usually unfortunate in their love affairs; are seldom, if ever, loved by women.

In common with most men is defeated but in what I cannot make out. Perhaps along literary lines.

A slender man (have you ever noticed that most men of violent expression are not thin waisted?), smooth shaven; of aristocratic bearing. Takes pleasure in thinking.

You may address the prize for unmasking the Drifter to STEPHEN SEPTEMBER, New Jersey.

THIS is a flattering and romantic picture and the Drifter is not disposed to alter a tittle of it, particularly the reference to his figure. The next time any one of his associates calls him crabbed or violently and irrationally partisan or old or young or blasphemous or sentimental or any of the extremely varied epithets that have lain in wait for him in the past he will, while maintaining a dignified silence, merely wave the maligner to Mr. September's kind and obviously just remarks. He will not even suspect Mr. September of being a practical joker, though his choice of a pen-name might point in that direction. No, hereafter the Drifter will never be without a character, a past, or a person. Let all who have yearned to pierce his anonymity or make him pay his debts or talk with him over the telephone read, mark, and forever hold their peace.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

[Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.]

The Government Put to the Test

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There have been surprising developments in the Sacco-Vanzetti case in connection with recent hearings on motions for a new trial. It will be remembered that the case for the Government, based originally on identifications, proved disappointing, and that the Government came to rest its case largely upon a so-called tell-tale scratch upon the "mortal" bullet which, it was claimed, proved it to have been fired by Sacco's gun.

Recently, this bullet and the other similar exhibits which were in evidence at the trial have been examined under a compound microscope and photographed by a camera equipped with a micrometer so delicate that it registers measurements to a scale of one hundred-thousandths of an inch. The results are astonishing. And unless they can be somehow discounted, they demolish the Government's case by a physical demonstration.

For one thing, the photographs show that the scratch on the mortal bullet supposed to have been fired from Sacco's pistol does not correspond either in character or in position with the markings upon the trial bullets which had been fired from Sacco's pistol shortly before the trial.

Second, the measurements of the lands in the barrel of Sacco's pistol do not correspond with the land marks which were cut in the "mortal" bullet. When photographs of the two objects were made on transparent disks, the one did not fit the other.

Third, the marks of hand-made filings on the face of the breech block which give individuality to every pistol do not correspond between Sacco's pistol and the impress of the breech block upon a shell which it is claimed that Sacco had fired in the act of committing the murder of which he stands accused.

Of course the Government would not concede the above assertions. The district attorney had his own set of photographs, taken, he it said, under a camera which lacked the proper adjustment for micro-photography, and taken moreover without a soul present to represent the defense—which it would seem should be quite outside the code of professional ethics. Be that as it may, these photographs showed certain marks which did not correspond with those on the photographs of the defense, and which did not correspond with the objects themselves when scrutinized by William G. Thompson, counsel for the defense, through the microscope.

However, one discrepancy revealed by the defense photographs was not disputed by the district attorney, and it led to a dramatic situation. The dent of the firing pin on the base of the shell which it was claimed by the Government had been fired from Sacco's pistol was in the exact center, whereas in every one of the trial shells which had been put in as exhibits the firing-pin dent is twenty-three degrees off center.

At the trial, the Government expert had asserted that the firing-pin dent of the shells under comparison was in the same "general area." When a wide discrepancy was revealed by the micro-photographs, the district attorney argued that it was not important, and was to be accounted for by a "tolerance of the firing pin" or a "shifting of the breech block." And he claimed that, had a larger number of trial shots been fired, it would undoubtedly be seen that the firing pin would strike sometimes in the center and sometimes off center within a "general area" of twenty-three degrees. Having made this astonishing argument, the district attorney put the pistol in the judge's hands and told him to see how the breech block rattled.

Thereupon Mr. Thompson observed that the pistol was uncocked when its parts rattled; so he cocked the pistol and gave

it back to the judge, and asked him to observe that its breech block was perfectly firm. "I was formerly a student at the Worcester Polytechnic," Mr. Thompson commented upon this incident, "and I would like to know what would have happened if its graduates had gotten employment at the Colt factory and had turned out pistols with 'shifting breech blocks' and with a 'tolerance' in their firing pins." Such pistols could not be sold. And then he threw down a challenge to the Government.

"This issue need not rest on speculations and violent assertions. It can be put to a practical test. The same mechanical forces act the same way under the same circumstances. They are not erratic. The district attorney claims that if a larger number of shots had been fired, it would have been found that in some of them the firing pin would have struck in the center. Why didn't he fire some more shots to prove his assertion? Why don't he fire them now? Let him try it on one hundred shots, try it on one thousand—we will supply the cartridges. Let's go out in the lot and fire the shots as quickly as they can be fired. We will pick up the shells and put them in a basket and bring them here to be filed as exhibits. Let's see if in one single instance the dent in the shell is in the center. That's the way to put this thing to a test."

The Government has not yet accepted this challenge. But meanwhile, one of two things is certain: If a new trial is granted, these shots will be fired and the accused will be set free. Or, if a new trial is denied, until these shots have been fired, it will be very difficult for the judge to pass sentence and send Sacco and Vanzetti to the electric chair.

Boston, December 21

ELIZABETH GLENDOWER EVANS

[A pamphlet on the Sacco-Vanzetti case verifying these statements, which the New England Civil Liberties Committee has in preparation, can be obtained for ten cents in coin or stamps from Anna N. Davis, Secretary of the New England Civil Liberties Committee, 44 Edgehill Road, Brookline, Mass., or from the League for Democratic Control, 16 Carver Street, Boston.]

Greek Letter Patriots

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The national organ of the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity has recently printed articles from which I have taken the following passages—typical but not necessarily as inspiring as some others:

"Calvin Coolidge, who was initiated into Alpha Chi Chapter of Amherst College, in his undergraduate days, is the man of destiny, whom a swift stroke of fate elevated to the leadership of the great nation within whose boundaries the college fraternity . . . was born. . . ."

"Let Communism lift its head among the cloisters of college or university and as long as there's a Greek letter man left on the campus there will be somebody to stamp upon the reptile, though he spoil his tango pumps."

"Mrs. Mary Love Collins represents the sorority world in assuring Mr. Burns [William J.] that he may look to the Greek letter world for aid in combating radicalism. She is not only president of Chi Omega, but also head of the National Pan-Hellenic Congress, composed of all sororities in America.

"Patriotic," she declared. "Indeed they are! Fraternities and sororities are but a part of the great group movement of the middle class. The middle class is a stable one. You find no radicals therein. Hence, in my opinion, these school groups are bands of clear thinking young people already organized to uphold the United States Government in any crisis."

The sad fact, of course, is that Mrs. Collins's remarks are probably true, surely true in the great majority of cases. A "liberal college" only means that there are a few intelligent undergraduates in the upper two classes and a professor or two who dares teach.

Amherst, Massachusetts, November 20

W. L. B.

For the Athletic Recognition of Russia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is the economic blockade against Russia as practiced by Messrs. Hughes and Coolidge to be applicable to athletes of Russia?

Will the athletic committee of the coming sesqui-centennial invite the Russians or will they be excluded?

In defense of the Russians let me say that I have played soccer with them and that they are as good sports as ever dribbled a ball, and for clean playing they are equal to the players in the Philadelphia Cricket League or the Intercollegiates.

This year they have played games with Germany and with Sweden and each time the Russian team was victorious.

The Russians under the Czar were not allowed to take part in sports other than at colleges and in the army. Since the revolution they have organized sport centers in various cities. In 1922 when I was in Minsk, the center sent the Minsk Soccer Club trunks, discus, shot, and hammer. At that time the Quakers were in Minsk and they supplied the soccer balls. The players had no regular shoes but they played in spite of them, and with smooth soles we won the championship of White Russia.

The government to encourage us gave us free transportation on the railroads, for they recognize the benefit that youth derives from taking part in athletics.

Athletics are international, and how will the American team be able to say they have won the championship if the Russians are not present? Let not politics enter into the discussion but bring together the best athletes from the whole world.

CLEAVER S. THOMAS

Buzuluk, Samara, Russia, October 14

Anent Evolution

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an address delivered at the First Baptist Church of Albuquerque, N. M., October 17, T. T. Martin, Baptist evangelist of Blue Mountain, Miss., admitted the following:

1. That William Jennings Bryan is the greatest statesman the world has ever known.
2. That the evolutionary theory was responsible for the World War.
3. That not even liquor has been as great a curse to the country as the evolutionary belief.
4. That the present divorce rate is due to the acceptance of the evolutionary theory.
5. That the Bolsheviks (who are spending five million dollars for propaganda within the United States) are all evolutionists.
6. That even the Catholics are superior to the evolutionists.
7. That a belief in evolution makes impossible any standard of right and wrong (for if there is no hell there is no incentive for morality).
8. That the anti-evolutionary fight soon will be carried to Kansas.
9. That the State universities and normal schools, by their instruction in the evolutionary doctrine, have poisoned the public school teachers, whose salaries are paid by taxes upon the common people.
10. That the authors of the most frightful of German atrocities were angels in comparison with the teacher of evolution.
11. That evolution is the greatest curse since Adam.
12. That the speaker is the author of "Hell in the High Schools," an anti-evolutionary booklet selling for seventy-five cents.

Albuquerque, November 1

ELIZABETH DICKENS

Florida's Bosom and W. J. B.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is too much! I rise to protest that Florida did not take "William Jennings Bryan to her bosom with the instant mutual recognition that they were made for each other." It is true that Miami—that glorified Main Street, if one dare call her so—"ate him up," but Miami is, as Mrs. Stillman says, 75 to 85 per cent Northern, a fact which she impressively emphasizes in speaking of the intolerance Miami shows toward the Negroes.

When W. J. B. coyly let it be known that he was willing to wear the senatorial toga of Florida if it were forced on him, the genial welcome Florida accords celebrities was disturbed. Good Democratic editors through the State agreed that Bryan, as "the Senator from Florida," would serve the great god Publicity, and "advertise" the State, but they, strangely, preferred to sacrifice the publicity. Said one in his paper: "Florida does not care to be represented by a man who has not been in Florida long enough to know the difference between a kumquat and a razor-back hog."

Although Mrs. Stillman's article is excellent, from one who evidently knows only a small part of Florida, there is one statement which, were it known, would cause a broad, broad laugh up and down the length of the peninsula. Our State geologist would be amazingly excited to know of her discovery of potash in Florida, and might inquire why she kept her knowledge hidden during the war, when potash was almost unobtainable, and citrus growers were forced to go without the quantity they needed. Hard as it is to deny any possibility to Florida, it must be admitted that her geological past has not been conducive to deposits of potash. Especially would the owners of our phosphate mines laugh—long and loud. In regard to naturalists, Mrs. Stillman omits, among other names, that of Dr. J. K. Small of the New York Botanical Garden, an indefatigable explorer of southern Florida, and a most interesting and accurate writer.

The school question presents unusual difficulties in Florida, as we have to accommodate and educate the large and rapidly increasing number of Northern children whose parents are winter residents, in the majority of cases boarding or renting, and paying no taxes. As is wise in a warm climate, the school year is usually a month shorter than in the North.

I wish that Mrs. Stillman had mentioned our State prison farm, to which very high praise was given in an article in a recent number of the *Century Magazine*.

Winter Park, Florida, November 7

M. F. BAKER

For Sheepmen's Wives and Others

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At the suggestion of Mr. Hartley H. Hepler, of Shiner, Texas, writing in *The Nation* some months ago, I have been sending such magazines and reviews as I had on hand to a list of persons furnished by him. In each case I have had a grateful response, and I write to ask if the system cannot be extended?

I do not know how Mr. Hepler obtained his list of persons who would like to have literature sent to them, but have no doubt anyone seeing this letter and sending his name to him, with an indication of the kind of reading matter desired, would be taken care of through Mr. Hepler's "clearing house." One young mother of four children living in Idaho writes me that she is a sheepman's wife, and that they are just now unable to pay for subscriptions. They live fourteen miles from town, and she hopes that I mean her to hand the magazines on to friends rather than to return them. This is pleasant work. If you don't believe it, try it!

New York, November 7

BERTHA W. HOWE

Books

Man and Woman

Janet March. By Floyd Dell. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

THE merits of Mr. Dell's "Moon-Calf" and "The Briary Bush," genuine as they were, were not strictly novelistic in their nature. Something of the autobiography, the essay and the sketch clung to them both. In "Janet March" Mr. Dell has become an authentic novelist. He has grasped things and characters quite objective to himself; he has absorbed people and events and has projected both plastically. "Janet March" is a very imperfect book, but at its best it represents the highest point that Mr. Dell has yet reached.

I call "Janet March" an imperfect book because I do not think that Mr. Dell himself could have been happy over its structure. He evidently had two stories to tell, that of Janet March and that of Roger Leland. Neither was full-bodied enough in his conception of it for a novel. The novelette, that useful and fascinating form, is discredited among us. Mr. Dell had to produce a novel. He yielded to the temptation of uniting his two fables by a device that is clever, suggestive, not infelicitous in any way, and yet quite unconvincing.

This structural looseness is the only reproach to be brought against "Janet March." It is a very thickly peopled book and has this constant mark of fine creative work that very minor and incidental characters—the friends of the March couple, Roger's relations, the professors at Herald College—stand forth from the few passages that are given to them human, authentic, three-dimensional.

The attention of readers will, of course, be centered on Janet March. Roger Leland is as important a figure. But Janet is controversial. She is the young girl of the period studied and portrayed very seriously and very closely. And there is no doubt that she is fascinating and profoundly interesting if altogether true. One hopes that she is. Such essential reasonableness, such a use and yet subordination of instinct, such courage, coolness, clarity is superb. Doubtless, too, all these characteristics are to be found among the young girls of Janet's generation. But was there one, is there one—I ask this question sincerely and hopefully—so wholly, so magnificently released from superstition, moralistic terror, ungenerous tenacity, social confusion? I hope that Janet is a fact; there is no question concerning her splendor as an aim and an ideal.

The second part of the book which deals with the life, the inner and outer fortunes of Roger Leland, has in it no element of the problematic. We have had many accounts of the development of an American youth of intellectual instincts from the dust and clamor of Main Street. We have had, I think, none that is better or more veracious than this. Nor have we had anywhere else so frank, serene, and understanding an account of the sexual seekings and frustrate adventures that are typical of the youth of the country. In this part of Mr. Dell's book episode follows episode in rapid succession. And each of these episodes has compactness and finish, inner truth and brilliant surface execution. Nothing could in its own way be much better than the account of Plainsburg, of Herald College, than the strong and tragic and finely handled brothel scene, than the whole episode that begins in "Fancyland" and reveals the inner facts in the lives of Pansy and Cecile or the story of Sally and her fate. Here there is a blending of wealth and precision, of truth and delicacy, of insight and feeling that are very rare indeed. Pansy and Cecile and Sally, poor things, are much less questionable than the gallant and splendid Janet. They are little masterpieces of direct characterization through action and passion alone. Their creator has broken new ground in the practice of his art. He has left behind him vagueness and mere sophistication. He shapes people.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

History by Personality

The Chief Ministers of England, 920-1720. By the Hon. Clive Bigham. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$8.

MR. BIGHAM'S book should prove especially acceptable to the large number of readers who like to take their history in the form of biography, or who in any case care less for the "course of events" than for personalities. The volume deals with the chief ministers or advisers of the English Crown from Dunstan to Godolphin and Harley, thus bringing the story down to the point, 1720-21, at which the author's earlier volume, "The Prime Ministers of England," began. The difference between a chief minister and a Prime Minister is, of course, more than a difference of name, the former designation attaching to those early advisers whose influence depended actually upon either the will or the acquiescence of the sovereign, while the office of Prime Minister, in the proper sense, emerged only when the parliamentary system of party government had clearly developed. Given the differing circumstances of early and later times, it cannot be said that personality was a very much greater force in the later period than in the earlier; on the contrary, the fact that the Prime Minister after about 1720 represented a party majority in the House of Commons, while it often added to his authority, did not always mean a demand for the same alertness, audacity, and resource that those who held favor before that date were often called upon to show.

The twenty-seven ministers whose careers Mr. Bigham sketches—Saxons and Normans, prelates and nobles, reformers and king-craftsmen, defenders of the established order and time-serving schemers in periods of change or revolution—form a parti-colored list, and the student of political morals will find many a dark thread drawn through the fabric which is here spread before him. Clearly, in its centuries of beginnings, England grew quite as often in spite of its ministers as by aid of them. As a piece of popular exposition, however, Mr. Bigham's work has been commendably done. He knows his authorities and uses them, his judgments are sympathetic as well as scholarly, and his style is always readable. As examples of his method the sketches of Stratford, Burleigh, Buckingham, and Clarendon may be particularly cited. The common mistake of using names as little more than pegs on which to hang a continuous narrative has been avoided, at the same time that the successive biographies, taken as a whole, give a fairly connected view of the period on its political side. The illustrations, drawn from contemporary sources, are a feature of value.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Irrelevant

A Book. By Djuna Barnes. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

IN the details of Djuna Barnes's stories there is a great deal of fine observation, clearly as well as beautifully phrased. It is the larger outlines of her stories that are obscure. This is perhaps because she sees in detail what the rest of us see, but feels about life as a whole differently from the rest of us. Each of her stories seems to be leading impressively up to an inevitable end; but the inevitable never happens. Perhaps it would seem to her too obvious. What happens is almost always brutally irrelevant to what has gone before.

Doubtless life seems like that to her. "Anything," says one of her heroines, "is a reason for using a pistol, unless one is waiting for the obvious, and the obvious has never been sufficient reason."

But to evade the obvious thus consistently is to embrace the oblivious. By this method, fiction is reduced to just such a meaningless chaos of accident as life itself appears to sensitive and troubled minds. But we are accustomed, in fiction, to find life's chaos thought out and arranged in some fairly orderly

and intelligible pattern: that, indeed, is supposed to be one of the purposes of art, and the chief difference between art and life.

But Djuna Barnes is one of those writers, of a recent school, who defiantly refuse to find any sort of significance in the rank welter of life. Or so it would seem; the plain fact is that these stories are on the whole meaningless; the ascription of a highly philosophical intention to their meaninglessness is a mere critical guess.

There remains, of course, the possibility, in this as in other similar cases, that such meaninglessness is a deliberate and possibly mischievous affectation. The sometimes brilliant but more wildly exasperating irrelevance of the dialogue in her plays, in this same volume, gives support to the notion that there is a certain amount of "blague" mixed up with what is otherwise an earnest and sincere attempt at self-expression. After all, if one's sense of life is so profoundly different from that of most people as to be self-condemned to unintelligibility, there is no reason why one should not get a little fun out of it by mystifying the bourgeois. Literature depends so essentially on a community of interest between writers and readers, and the stray writer who fails to feel such a bond is so decidedly out of luck that even reprisals in the form of practical jokes must be forgiven. The play *Three from the Earth* seems to me to be such a reprisal; and I imagine the author has enjoyed to the full the mental suffering of those who, as upon the occasion of its performance by the Provincetown Players, have labored stubbornly at the task of trying to make out what it is all about!

The pictures in the book are of a different and less untraditional character; one of them, of which I recognize the subject, seems to me a cruel and clever caricature. The poems have still another difference; with a few exceptions, they are ingenuous and pretty.

The whole book, when one has ceased to ponder its unintelligibilities, leaves a sense of the writer's deep temperamental sympathy with the simple and mindless lives of the beasts: it is in dealing with these lives, and with the lives of men and women in moods which approach such simplicity and mindlessness, that she attains a momentary but genuine power.

FLOYD DELL

For the Lay Reader

Civilization and the Microbe. By Arthur I. Kendall. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

IT is fortunate for the "average" person that it is now customary for scientists and scholars to write non-technical "Outlines" for those readers who have neither time nor opportunity for technical studies. It is the fashion to smile at these "Outlines," but we all like to read them. The present volume, prepared by Dean Kendall to elucidate the wonderland of bacteria, gives a clear account of the marvelous activities and habits of these minute organisms. The recent anniversary of the birth of Pasteur has stimulated our interest in the study of bacteriology and helped us to realize its importance in our daily lives. We cannot plant our gardens, or care for and preserve our food, or nurse our children in contagious diseases, or postpone the encroachment of old age without some understanding of the science of bacteriology. While Mr. Kendall treats of all of these practical subjects, his main thesis is to prove "that in reality civilization owes much to the microbe. We have an impression of a world teeming with deadly germs, awaiting an opportunity to infect mankind. Man is surrounded by a microbe environment over which he has not as yet attained mastery. He is, however, slowly and laboriously acquiring practical control."

Microbe action is for the most part beneficent and essential for the maintenance of the human species, notwithstanding the obvious opposition which a very small group of bacteria offers to the well-being of mankind. In time, the conquest of

these antagonistic bacteria will be accomplished. Also, and even more important, the hidden, even unsuspected, microbial adjutants of man will be exploited to do his bidding and enrich his life. Civilization and the microbe go hand in hand.

The history of bacteriology is here entertainingly set forth; the theories of Ehrlich and Metchnikoff are discussed, with the conclusion that neither is wholly correct. Altogether it is a most readable and informing book. LUCY HUMPHREY SMITH

A Confession

A Publisher's Confession. By Walter Hines Page. Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.

WHEN a book listed at ten dollars holds its own as a "best-seller" for a year or more, it is not surprising that the publishers should search their files for further material by the author. One, therefore, does not wonder at the reappearance of Walter Hines Page's "Confession," first published anonymously in 1905. So effectively did the late ambassador's "Life and Letters" reveal the man that these chapters on publishing, although more restricted in appeal and far less significant in their revelation, are not to be passed over lightly. One finds in them the delicate sense of humor, graceful simplicity, and intensely human approach so characteristic of all that came from the pen of Mr. Page.

Looking upon the publishing business, not as a trade but as a profession, Mr. Page aimed throughout his career as a publisher to give the public books of a permanent rather than sensational quality. As he expressed it: "I feel no interest in anything that comes this month and goes the next." The "Confession," however, shows that he placed even greater importance on the service which a publisher can render to authors: "My wish and aim is to become a helpful partner of some of the men and women of my generation who can, by their writings, lay the great democracy that we all serve under obligations to them for a new impulse. By serving them, I, too, serve my country and my time. And, when I say that this is my aim and wish, I could say with equal truth that it is the aim and wish of every other real publisher."

Mr. Page takes the reader behind the scenes and gives him an intimate view of the interior of the workshop in which an ill-prepared manuscript is clothed in its final raiment. The policy of paying large royalties is discussed, with the conclusion that the integrity and personal interest of his publisher are worth more to an author than a large semi-annual check. Mr. Page has a convincing explanation of why some bad novels succeed and good ones fail, but admits that "about the advertising of a book, nobody knows anything." He speaks words of encouragement to the "unknown" author, and his warning to beware of what he calls "fake" publishers is frank and to the point. DALE WARREN

Books in Brief

The Procession of Masks. By Herbert S. Gorman. E. J. Brimmer Company. \$2.

Mr. Gorman, at thirty, characterizes himself as a "reviewer in mid-channel." His perceptions have, in any event, been warmed by trade winds of tolerance, and he has kept out of the choppy seas of mere cleverness. One feels that whatever he writes about has been given the benefit of the best thought of which he is capable, and if the result is not invariably stimulating, it is genuine and honestly stated.

The Love Child. By Bertha Pearl Moore. Thomas Seltzer. \$2.

This narrative of life on the lower East Side presents a sharp and teeming picture of New York's melting-pot. The author knows her subject, and has managed to get the idiom and the broken rhythm of ghetto existence tangibly into these pages.



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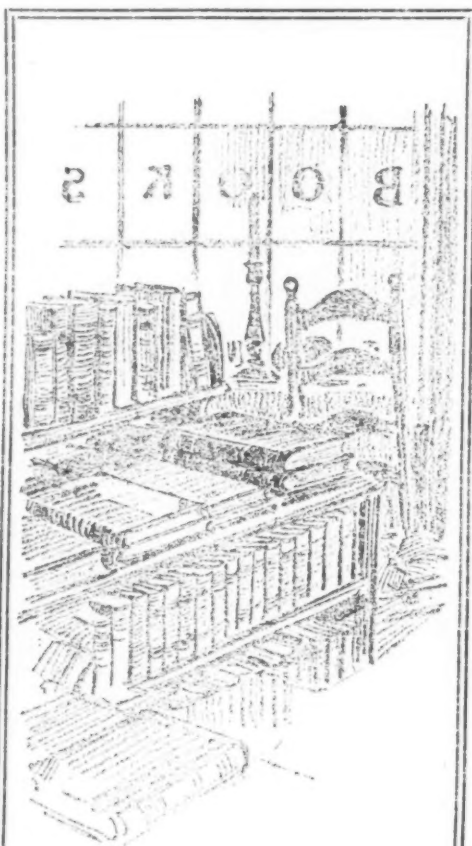
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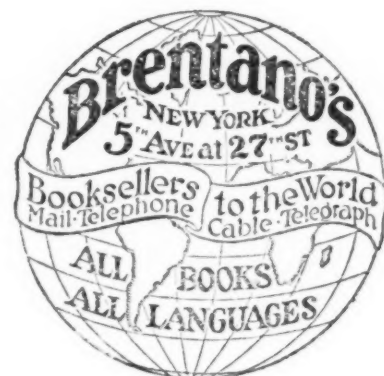
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New York City

Ductless and Other Glands. By Fred E. Wynne. Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50.

A popular, compact, and unsensational exposition of a still relatively unexplored branch of medicine.

Paul, Son of Kish. By Lyman I. Henry. The University of Chicago Press. \$3.

The evil that men did in Biblical times lives after them; the good is oft interred in well-intentioned fictional biographies—too devout to be good romance, and too stodgy to be good literature. The present instance is rather above the usual work of its type, although there is nothing about it to kindle enthusiasm.

Drama

Irene Triesch

FOR a number of years Frau Triesch has been considered the leading tragic actress on the Central European stage. She has played the conventional roles of classic tragedy, such as that of Lady Macbeth. But her chief activities have been

in the field of modern tragedy, the tragedy of compassion, error, fate, nerves, the tragedy of Hebbel, Ibsen, Strindberg, Hauptmann, Schnitzler. The tragic situations created by these dramatists she has absorbed both intellectually and emotionally; she is with them, of them; she derives—her personality, gifts, mind—from that difficult and intricate modern life which she interprets on the stage. Hence she does not need to create a medium out of which to project character and text, though she has shown her ability to do that as Lady Macbeth and Iphigenie. She herself is her medium—she who vibrates to every word of her dramatists, she out of whose very heart and nerves these dramatists speak.

How shall I make this point as clear as it needs to be made? We have at least one American actress who approaches greatness. Yet when Margaret Anglin appeared in New York now, alas, several seasons ago, she appeared in "The Woman of Bronze" and in "Joan of Arc," a brassily false French play and an empty and sentimental bit of pageantry. Why did she not play Strindberg? Because she does not believe in Strindberg; because she thinks Strindberg depressing, extreme, ugly, unholy, because, in other words, her mind is not the contemporary of her art. Why does Mrs. Fiske play trash? For the

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same reason, despite her keen intelligence. "The Woman of Bronze" and "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary" would revolt Frau Triesch's intelligence, taste, insight into the realities of our mortal lot in such a measure that she could not play in them, could not, however much for practical reasons she might perhaps want to do so. Something within would resist. It would not be pride precisely, nor even the conscience of the artist; it would be her overwhelming and nauseated sense of the falseness of these theatric contraptions; it would be her loyalty to that inner truth without which all art is but as sounding brass. That is why, beyond technique, knowledge, energy, passion, grace, Irene Triesch is a great tragic actress. That is why she is an actress to whom we should listen, whom we should watch, whom we should study, whose art has a superlative usefulness to us.

She gave, on the afternoon of Sunday, December 16, a performance of Strindberg's "Dance of Death" at the Princess Theater. And some very intelligent critics declared, alas, that the play—as though they had neither read it nor seen it—was depressing. These critics, too, are not their own contemporaries. It would be about as seemly for a critic to call "A Doll's House" revolutionary or votes for women subversive or any dancing but the minuet immoral or the later works of Beethoven cacophonous or, like Dr. Johnson, the odes of Gray obscure. Why must the dead and decayed adjectives of archaic reactions always be injected into dramatic criticism? The truth is, of course, that "The Dance of Death" is not only a great modern tragedy but that it has precisely that quality of the universal within the concrete which is of all the notes of literature the most enlarging and liberating. Something of what is shown here, much of what is shown here, goes on and on and on eternally in the house across the way, in the apartment next door. To know, to understand, to exercise the creative vision which is understanding, forgiveness, compassion—this is to undergo in the only conceivable modern sense that purgation of the emotions through pity and terror of which Aristotle has written.

Frau Triesch as Alice made one feel all that. She relied upon no external graces. She was, until the brief last scenes when she suddenly became strangely and yet so autumnally radiant, the bedraggled woman in that hopeless house. I watched her and noted neither her magnificent passing from mood to mood, nor her inevitable yet significant gesture, nor the superb clarity and naturalness of her speech. I saw the suffering human creature, the perhaps immortal creature in the galling web of fate, and behind and above that creature the mind of the actress understanding, molding, pitying, herself this woman yet full of an understanding and compassion for her from that never aloof but elevated station from which the artist sees. The artist—who could not act "The Woman of Bronze," because that artist is, in the final words of Goethe on this subject,

"Zum Sehen geboren,
Zum Schauen bestellt."

Frau Triesch was supported by Max Montor in the role of Edgar and by Ulrich Haupt in that of Kurt. And all that I have said of Frau Triesch is in a generous measure true of both Herr Haupt and Herr Montor. I should do them an injustice if I were to say, in the ordinary phraseology of theatrical criticism, that they gave superb performances. They gave life and a criticism of life; they gave art and its background in both observation and thought.

We cannot keep Moskvina and Kotchloff with us. Nor can it be denied that their dramatic and linguistic medium is dangerously remote from us. But I can conceive of nothing more useful to us in the course of our education toward an American theater and, above all, an American drama than for Frau Triesch and her associates to play Strindberg and Ibsen and Hauptmann and Schnitzler for us throughout at least one season.

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International Relations Section

Democracy in the Russian Communist Party

THE fight over the democratization of the Russian Communist Party is causing much comment both in Russia and abroad. The situation arose out of the new conditions which are shaping themselves in the life of the workers in the Soviet republic. These new conditions and the problems involved in them were first formulated in the Soviet press by Gregory Zinoviev in an article published in the sixth anniversary number of the *Pravda* (November 7) in which he says in part:

... Whoever follows closely the molecular processes going on within the ranks of our working class cannot overlook the following fact as well: that the cultural standards of the average nonpartisan worker have been raised during the past years to a considerable height. ... There was a time (during 1919, 1920, 1921) when only the older workers remained in our factories. The cream of the proletariat was busy on the different fronts or generally scattered over Russia. The workers who are now returning to their factories are not the same as when they left. During these six years every one has undergone experiences which, in other times, it would take more than a generation to live through. ... The workers have learned to understand what is going on. The revolution has not had the material resources to improve the situation of the mass of the workers at once. But culturally the mass of the workers has risen to heights never reached before.

... At the nonpartisan workers' conference each question is intelligently discussed by the bulk of the delegates. The attitude manifested at such meetings as the provincial conventions of the trade unions or the district conventions of the Soviets is quite different from that of past years. There is more activity and intelligence; more nonpartisan workers are making themselves heard. And the talk is no more of their own needs, as was previously the general rule, but of general problems which are discussed with understanding and knowledge of the subjects.

The cultural level of the mass of the workers has been raised. This is an axiom. And the new problems before the party must be approached with this basic fact in view. ...

Of course, in many respects the average member of our Communist groups is more highly developed than the nonpartisan mass, if only for the fact that the members are organized while the nonpartisans are not. In questions of a political order the members of our groups display more intelligence than the nonpartisan mass. But when it comes to questions of economic organization, of cultural activity, or concerning the mode of life the reverse is very often the case. ...

The higher cultural level attained by the nonpartisan workers may become a source of the greatest strength for our party and the Soviet power, but only if we recognize this important phenomenon without further delay and if we prove able to draw the necessary conclusions from it. Otherwise this fact may become a source of numerous misunderstandings between the party and the nonpartisan workers, and however strange it may sound it may even create many difficulties for us.

The average worker who has reached a higher cultural level strives, and very properly too, to take a greater part in the economic life of his factory, to exercise his influence in the trade union and in the Soviet of the workers' deputies. Our main duty at present is to provide leadership for this movement of the nonpartisan workers, to be able to find, in cooperation with them, the best ways of satisfying these natural wishes of the workers who have grown up during the past years. ...

Our party groups in the factories must give up the practice of deciding questions concerning the management of the factories only at the meetings of the groups. The groups in every factory must begin to look upon themselves only as the Communist faction of the whole factory. This concerns also the Communist members of the factory committees, shop-delegate meetings, and other organizations. The main task of the Communist groups must be the political work for the party. Of course, it is impossible mechanically to separate politics from economics. Our party groups, as political organizations, certainly have their party interests also in the field of economics. ... But above all we must not forget that we are only a part of the factory. It is time for us to learn to fight for our influence among the mass of the workers by systematic creative work in all fields of the life of the factory. We must consider ourselves a political faction of the whole workers' population of the given enterprise. ... We still meet with isolated cases of the "autocratic rule" of the party groups in enterprises. We must strive to make an end to every manifestation of this sort of rule.

All this implies that the question of raising the cultural level of the average membership of our party groups is a question of supreme importance for the life of the party. ... We must consider with all due attention the question of the mutual relations between the factory committees and the party groups on the one hand, and between the factory committees and the trade unions on the other.

The trade unions are not taking an adequate part in the activities of the economic organs. Let us not try to find who is to be blamed for this. Let us not discuss the past. But in the immediate future the trade unions must become more closely associated with production. We can and must find the adequate form also for the control to be exercised by the trade unions over the trusts. This control will be worthless if it assumes the forms of the usual bureaucratic control. But it will become invaluable if it is based upon the participation of the nonpartisan workers who have attained a higher degree of cultural development, as was pointed out above.

Within our own party ... it is necessary to see to it that our internal party life becomes more intensive. It is necessary that the workers' democracy within the party of which we have talked so much shall become clothed with flesh and blood to a greater degree than before.

Our main difficulty lies often in the fact that almost all important problems are decided in the higher party councils before they are submitted to the bulk of the membership. This narrows the creative activity of the membership, it diminishes the activity of the "lower" party groups. It is true ... our party is built upon the principles of democratic centralism. In a country like ours the Communist Party cannot but be a strictly centralized organization. But to a considerable degree these conditions are explained by the fact that the bulk of the party membership is too far behind the most advanced sections of the party. Many of our best workers have been assigned by the party to economic or administrative work which makes it difficult or impossible for them to participate in the party work among the mass of the workers. Some comrades who have been assigned to party work are not always competent to meet the new great demands put forward by the growing needs of the masses. The party must give its fullest attention to these problems which at present assume a dominating significance.

Our conclusions, in general, are these:

1. It is necessary to strengthen educational work among the average party members. ...
2. We must meet the natural desire of the ... nonpartisan workers to participate more actively in the life of their enterprises, in the work of the trade unions and of the soviets.
3. The trade unions must become more closely connected with

the questions of production. Adequate forms of organization must be evolved for the participation of the trade unions in the control of the trusts.

4. It is necessary again to put and solve the question of the mutual relations between the factory committees and party groups on the one hand, and the factory committees and the trade unions on the other. But this question must be put and solved in the light of the new conditions of the labor movement.

5. It is necessary to wage a systematic and stern fight against the misdoings of individual representatives of the state trusts and economic workers, as well as against so-called luxury in general.

6. It is necessary to begin systematic work to swell the ranks of our party with those nonpartisan workers who are anxious to take an active part in our social life and who are really very kin to us in spirit.

7. . . . It is necessary to put into practice the workers' democracy within the party; to introduce a fuller degree of free discussion of political, economic, and other questions. . . .

. . . In this article the problems are merely stated but not solved. The real solution of the problems will be attained only as a result of a general exchange of opinions within the party. In the collective experience of our party we shall find the practical measures which will lead us toward our goal. . . .

The Economic Crisis in Russia

IN connection with recent reports about the critical situation of the Russian industries the vice-chairman of the Council of Labor and Defense, Mr. Rykov, made the following statement in the Moscow *Izvestia* of November 27:

The full freedom with which questions have been discussed concerning the temporary slow-down in trade during the harvesting of the last crop has given rise to exaggerated rumors and falsifications which have appeared in the foreign press.

In Soviet Russia every drawback not only in the organization of the exchange of goods but also in the activity of individual state institutions is discussed openly and freely. Therefore the rumors appearing in the foreign press are no more than an interpretation—on the basis of Western European bourgeois conditions—of those conditions of work and that freedom of criticism which prevail in Soviet Russia.

There has been no breakdown of Russian industry and there is none in sight. During the last two years the production of Russian industry has more than doubled.

During this year steps were taken to deliver the necessary manufactured goods into the rural districts in due time and to stimulate our trade during the fall after the harvesting of the crop. It appears now that the peasants used the crops in the first place to pay up the taxes before the terms set down by the government. The September and October sales of manufactured goods in the villages have therefore not reached the amount anticipated last spring. Since the trade organizations working in the villages received from the industrial enterprises short-term credits to be paid up after the sale of goods during the fall some of these trade organizations were not able to meet their obligations.

But beginning with the month of November the situation improved. The demand for the products of the city increased after the rural population had paid up most of the taxes and started to sell grain and other agricultural products for the export trade. In connection with this not only goods previously sold are being paid for but the provinces are sending in many new orders. Thus the business crisis is being overcome.

Concerning the situation of the factories and industrial enterprises generally, I know of only a few cases where factories have reduced production and worked on part time for a few weeks, but from the beginning of November all the factories have been working on full time.

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The Fair at Nizhni Novgorod

THE traditional annual All-Russian Fair at Nizhni Novgorod was revived by the Soviet Government after the introduction of the new economic policy, with the aim of stimulating internal trade, but chiefly to establish trade relations with the peoples of the East, particularly of Persia. The results of the fair which was closed on September 15 were given out by the chairman of the fair committee, S. S. Malishev, in an interview published in the Moscow press. Part of his statement follows:

The results of the fair have surpassed all our expectations. The turn-over in business transactions amounted to 370,000,000 gold rubles. This does not include the turn-over of internal business transactions between the cooperatives amounting to about 50,000,000 gold rubles, which have been recorded by our committee but not registered at the bourse. In all we have moved more than 400,000,000 gold rubles' worth of commodities from producer to consumer. Considering the fact that the prices have risen about 30 per cent over the pre-war level, we still have a turn-over amounting to 300,000,000 gold rubles in pre-war prices. . . . This exceeds the turn-over of the fair in 1913 when the total of business transactions amounted to only 220,000,000 rubles. . . .

The fair has played a great role in establishing commercial communications within the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. But still greater has been its role in stimulating business connections with the East, and its significance in this respect will soon be felt in our intercourse with the Eastern countries. Each day I receive telegrams and letters from Eastern governments and commercial groups pointing out the significance of the 1923 fair.

In an article *The Fair and Trade with the East* the Moscow *Economic Life* in its September illustrated supplement writes:

Nizhni has long been the center of lively trade with the countries of the East: Persia, Bokhara, Afghanistan, etc. Every year numerous Eastern traders have come to the fair by the great water route—the Volga—and brought with them raw materials such as cotton and wool, and also dried fruit, rice, caracul, various oriental goods. Here they bought the manufactured products of Russian industry: cloth, sugar, glass, etc.

After years during which Soviet Russia has been isolated, friendly economic intercourse with the Eastern peoples has been renewed. The present fair was preceded by a campaign to encourage the participation of Persian merchants in the fair operations. The chairman of the fair, Malishev, made a special trip to Persia, visiting the most important commercial centers, informing the Persian merchants of the fair and inviting them to participate. Comrade Malishev met with a warm response, and the Persian traders demonstrated a lively interest in the forthcoming event as a chance for trade relations with the Russian markets best known to them. The central organs of the Soviet Government adopted the necessary measures to make it easy for Eastern traders to come to the fair and to participate actively. At the fair the Russo-Eastern trade chamber organized a special bureau to aid the Eastern merchants. The bureau had among its members representatives of the Eastern traders.

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER has recently returned from Russia where he spent eight months as correspondent for the New York *Evening Post*.

WITTER BYNNER, widely known as a poet, has spent several years in China and has made a special study of Chinese painting.

ALBERT DE SILVER is associate director of the American Civil Liberties Union.

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